A LETTER

Humbly address'd to the

RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE

EARL of CHESTERFIELD.

ERRATA.

Page 14. Lines 9, 10.
For *Charity* pleaſe to read *Chaſtity*.

P. 19. L. 17.
After the Words *good Lady*, inſert the Name, *H*———*x*.

Phillips, Teresia Constantia

A

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THE

EARL of CHESTERFIELD.

BY

Mrs. TERESIA CONSTANTIA MUILMAN.

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A LETTER

Humbly addreſs'd

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE the

EARL of CHESTERFIELD.

My LORD,

WHEN you jocoſely recommended to me, the Writing of the *Whole Duty of Woman*, I dare ſay, you imagin'd the Thought expired in the Birth: Firſt, that I believe your Lordſhip does not conceive me capable of a Taſk of ſuch Solidity, and good

Judgement; and laſtly, that my own Actions have been conducted with ſo little Wiſdom and Diſcretion, it is hardly poſſible to imagine that ſhe, who has judged ſo ill for herſelf, can have any Conception what the Duty of a Woman really is, or ought to be. I confeſs my general Conduct juſtifies your Opinion of me; but were Appearances ſtill ſtronger againſt me, I am conſcious my Miſconduct has not ariſen from Ignorance, ſo much as a thouſand concurring unhappy Circumſtances that have attended me; and I readily take Shame to myſelf, that my Love of Pleaſure and Neglect of the more material Part has had no ſmall Share in my Miſdoing. However, my Lord, notwithſtanding Reaſon diſapproves, and that I ſtand even ſelf-condemned, give me Leave to aſſure you, ſtill you are miſtaken; and that what I appear to be, or at leaſt what

your Lordſhip ſeems to think me, has no more Reſemblance of the real Woman, than the greateſt Oppoſites in human Nature have to each other.

But, my Lord, my ſaying this, will be no Proof of your Miſtake; unleſs I can otherwiſe demonſtrate what I aſſert: Therefore I hope I ſhall be the more pardonable, if I preſent your Lordſhip with an Inſtance you are well acquainted with. That five and twenty Years makes a total Alteration not only in us, but our Opinion of Things; I would only beg Leave to aſk your Lordſhip, if thoſe, who have the Honour now to approach you, ſhould look upon you as the gay, pleaſure-loving, wild, unthinking Lord *Stanhope*, amidſt your Companions of the ſame Age, never imagining that twenty Years excellently well employed, had made any Change or Improvement;

good Heaven! how would they be deceived, nay, — would they not even deſerve Contempt that could ſo imagine, when inſtead of the unthinking Sallies natural to that Age, in this they would ſee the moſt finiſhed Pattern, of what Man ought to be, that any Age has ever yet produced?

Your Lordſhip has done me the Honour to tell me I am no bad Painter in black and white. Have a Care then,— you are now fitting for your Picture; and were I ſure to loſe the little Reputation I have gained as an Artiſt this Way, I am determin'd to make it ſo like, it ſhall want nothing but Animation. I know how unconcern'd you are at the Menace, while no conſcious Bluſh of inward Guilt diſfigures the Original. Here then you are:— The Canvas, or Ground-work, is Greatneſs of Mind, Integrity, ſtrict

Ho-

Honour, and a noble Birth.—Pray obſerve the Features: There is Gravity without Moroſeneſs, the moſt piercing Wit without ill Nature, perfect good Breeding without Affectation, and a Benevolence of Heart that adds Luſtre to the Whole.——Well, I have loſt my Art if any one, who has the Honour to have ever ſo diſtant a Knowlege of your Lordſhip, heſitates to pronounce it like as the Life. The Picture being finiſhed, I ſuppoſe it will be expected I ſhould put the Drapery on:—No, no, my Lord, I ſhall give myſelf the Airs of an Artiſt, and leave that to the Daubers.

My Lord, I had moſt cautiouſly avoided a Repreſentation of theſe rare and amiable Qualities, becauſe I really have an utter Deteſtation to any Thing that has the leaſt Shadow or Appearance of Flattery; and it is hardly poſſible to do even

Juſtice

Juſtice to your Lordſhip, without ſo far ſtirring up the Envy of the Generality of your Sex (for my Lord the Men will envy ſometimes as well as the Ladies) that I ſhall be accuſed of a Vice that my Soul abhors, while I am telling nothing but the moſt ſolemn Truths; therefore would have ſhun'd the Mention I have made of you, had I not been under a ſort of Neceſſity to introduce a Proof of my Judgment in Men, and ſuch a one, as I am ſure will be approv'd of, by every unprejudiced Perſon into whoſe Hands this may happen to fall; for I take it for granted, if I do not raiſe the Expectation of my Readers, by ſhewing my Judgement in Men, they will conceive but an unfavourable Opinion of what I ſhall hereafter recommend as the Duty of a Woman; but I believe at preſent I have given a Teſt that will put it out of Diſpute,

But

But as I just hinted concerning what I appear to be, and really am; when I wait upon your Lordship with my usual Sprightliness, and Gaiety, pleas'd with the Chit-chat of an Hour, my Loss of Beauty is forgotten, and you go back five and twenty Years, for my Entertainment: Yes; and, that I may think you in earnest, even condescend to suit your Conversation to that gay Time; imagining, no doubt, that I have too much of the Woman in my Composition to endure the Thoughts of antiquated Beauty: But, my Lord, believe me, I am so little out of Humour with my Loss that Way, I could, with infinite Pleasure and Entertainment to myself, talk to your Lordship upon graver Matters, without being under any Apprehension my Sentiments would lessen me in your Esteem. 'Tis, true I was born constitutionally with the greatest Share of

Vivacity

Vivacity and Spirits of any Woman in the World; but, my Lord, I may say by Fortune, as *Milton* upon his own Blindness: *In my beginning I was presented with an universal Blank; and the Obligations I had to Nature, were perverted by my accidental Poverty, which turn'd that Beauty that was bestow'd on me, to so many Snares by which I was ruin'd and undone; and in Consequence have passed my Life in Sorrow and Misery:* And, however this Declaration may shock your Lordship's Belief, it is most solemnly true; for when in my Youth, a Time in which we are generally too much taken up with our Pleasures, and the Gratification of our Passions, to give ourselves Leisure to reflect upon the Rectitude of the Means by which we obtain them; even then, I say, when we cheat our Understandings with the dazling Prospects of imaginary Pleasures, —— I was

wretched;—

wretched;—because the Pleasures I tasted, had not their Foundation upon a just and honourable Basis.—I was allur'd and flatter'd by gay, gaudy Appearances, because I saw the Eyes and Adoration of the World, follow'd those Appearances; but, my Lord, my nightly Slumbers, and the Moments we are wont to turn our Eyes inward, were disturb'd, and the Sweets of Rest embitter'd by the stinging Reflections that follow'd the Means, by which those Appearances were supported. Still went I on, in Hopes of better Fate, 'till I found myself in the Condition of a young Prodigal, who, having brought his Fortune to the last Stake, hazards even that, hoping still to retrieve; and, like him too, (but alas! too late) I found myself cheated and undone: And this, (will you believe me, my Lord?) I soon found out; but at the same Time perceived that cruel Bar for ever shut

against me, a Bar fashion'd by Custom, against our unhappy Sex, when once they offend against Virtue's sacred Rule, which rigorously excludes us from any Degree of Fame; be our future Conduct ever so nice, or scrupulously regular. And this very tyrannic, unchristian Custom, which I am morally convinced has ruin'd innumerable Women, was the Reason I became careless of my Conduct; because I found all Efforts to retrieve my Loss were vain: For, my Lord, were it otherwise, believe me, no Woman of Birth, having had but a tollerable Education, could possibly, when Reflection return'd, submit to live in any Degree of Infamy, let the Temptations be ever so great and flattering. For my own Part, I most solemnly aver, I would not: To have been Mistress even to an Emperor, I should have always look'd upon as a State of Infamy, Misery,

and

and Dependence, to which I ſhould have eſteem'd the humbleſt Condition of Innocence that can be imagin'd, infinitely preferable; and ſo true it is, that this particular Infamy, that is caſt upon us when we make the ſmalleſt Slip in our Conduct, prevents not only our Return to Virtue, but makes us careleſs of preſerving even the Appearances of it: Let us live ever ſo long, the ſame Prejudice againſt us ſtill continues; for Inſtance, in myſelf: Though I have been for ſeveral Years quite retired from the World, my Appearance lately as a Writer having oblig'd me in ſome Shape to renew my Acquaintance wherever I go, I am ſhock'd to find the Men ſtill continue to think me young; or at leaſt to prevent my remembering they are not, I am every where entertain'd with the ſame ludicrous Stuff, they would talk to a Girl of Fifteen. Oh Heaven! could they

view themselves with my Eyes, or hear with my Ears, how would they blush to play the *Pantaloon* to a Woman whose Soul abhors such Buffoonery; and to make my Mortification still the greater, I am under a Necessity to adapt my Conversation to the Farce they think fit to play; because even a Look of Disapprobation, might possibly expose me to their Ridicule, and I might be insulted for what these People would term my Hypocrisy. Therefore, at the Age of Forty, when I wait upon a great Man, with whom I had the Honour to become acquainted at Fifteen, we converse in Masquerade; he with his Air of Twenty-five, I with mine of Fifteen; which means no more than that he is afraid, I should think he is grown old, and had forsaken his Vices; and in that Case, would be under a Necessity to treat me

with

with the Sense and Gravity becoming both our Ages.

Now, my Lord, these are the Disadvantages we labour under from being born Women; and they are such, that, for my own Part, were Beauty as lasting as our Date of Life, to change my Sex I would be contented to be as deform'd and ugly as *Æsop*: Tho' I am confident, did Custom countenance us in the accidential Sallies of our Youth, and they were to be forgotten, as in Men, I could vie with the most prudent of your Sex for the Regularity of my Conduct these many Years, and for the moral Part of it always. It would look too much like writing my own Panegyric, were I to give your Lordship a faithful Account of my private Life; and I also know, that tho' I could demonstrate what I here hint at, incontestibly to my own Honour; yet this very Custom

I so bitterly complain of is so universally prevalent, there is neither Man or Woman, by whose Company or Conversation I could think myself honour'd, that would dare publicly countenance me, or *seem* to believe it possible I should possess any of the moral Virtues, having unhappily err'd in the Point of Charity: *Seem* to believe I say, my Lord, because there is no Law, divine or human, that countenances these Sort of Gallantries more in one Sex than in the other; therefore must this Belief be only *seeming*. You will all admit Men may be even profligate in their Amours, and none of you will dispute their being in all other Respects Men of Honour; and, as such, they are admitted into all Companies, and by all Ranks and Degrees of People. And yet, my Lord, this Difference between us has no other Sanction

than

than Custom, cruel unequal Custom!

Here I must beg Leave to carry my Reflections still a little farther; for Example: Who denies Mr. *Thomas Grimes* to be a Man of Honour and Integrity; yet this very Man, first betray'd and ruin'd the unhappy Miss *Phillips*, basely, nay villainously, ruin'd her, and after that abandoned her to Sorrow, Misery, and Infamy; which was the Source of all the Ruin and Unhappiness that has since befallen her, and for which she is despis'd and shun'd by the modest and valuable Part of her own Sex, and treated with Levity by your's. *Tartufe* too, is received into the Houses of all the great People in *England!* tho' there is not a Debauchery, Meanness, Hypocrisy, or dishonourable Action that can be thought of, he has not been guilty of. No Man blushes to own he

he visits, and is acquainted with, Mr. *Henry Muilman*; tho' he stands upon Record perjured, beyond even the Hopes of Mercy, in Public accus'd of every horrid Crime the Laws has yet invented a Punishment for; and so accused that neither by himself, or any Hireling under his Inspection, has one Syllable he is charg'd with been ever contradicted.

My Lord, does any History furnish three such Instances of distinguished Villainy in Men? Yet are their atrocious Crimes buried beneath a Heap of Wealth, and Custom favours their Actions to such a Degree, neither of them are despis'd, shun'd or neglected by the World, and Men associate with them as tho' they stood as fair in the Records of Fame, as ever *Socrates* did.—Have I not therefore Reason to repine, that the Laws of Ho-

Honour should be so unequally rigid with Regard to us, when it indulges our Seducers and Betrayers with unlimited Bounds to their Pleasures, and the frequenting them without Reproach; yes, my Lord, I have, and I am sure you will be one of the First to own, there is neither Justice nor Reason for this cruel, unchristian Custom; the Fear of which has cost the Lives of Millions of Infants, both unborn, and the Moment of their Birth. There is nothing so savage and brutal in our Natures, as to inspire us with a Resolution to commit sanguinary Acts of Cruelty, if we were not terrified by the Apprehension, that a Discovery would expose us to Shame and Infamy irretrievable. In fine, my Lord, this Evil is pregnant with almost every Misfortune which happens to us. Were returning Virtue to be rewarded with the Favour and Approbation of the World, you

would soon see incroaded with Penitents of this Sort; and it would be giving our Sex an Opportunity to convince you, they are not inferior to yours either in Virtue or Purity of Morals, when once they arrive at an Age, capable of judging for themselves; but, my Lord, if in the first Outsetting of a young Girl's Life, she makes a Slip from Honour, how quick soever her Return be, tho' her Life and Conduct should ever after escape even the Canker of Envy, yet she shall be branded to her last Moments with that Misfortune; and if she is beautiful, every Man thinks he has a Right to demand the Possession of her Person, upon the same base Terms with the first. And really, my Lord, considering you are the Law-makers, and always seduce us to offend them, I think, in Honour and Justice, there should be some lesser Punishment, than that of eternal Infamy, also

fix'd

fold to a Crime in which you are the principal Aiders and Abetters; or else that the Crime should be equally odious in both; *for at present the Thief is exempted from Punishment, and it is only the Party despoiled who suffers Death.*

For my Part, my Life has been one continued Scene of Error, Mistake, and Unhappiness. I was, by my ill Fate, left Mistress of my Self, before the Time I ought to have forsaken my Nursery: A great Duchess indeed would have been my kind Protectress, and have done by my Education, what the good Lady did by your Lordship during your Infancy; but it pleas'd my Father to (what he called) mortify her, by a Removal of me from her Protection. Like your Lordship too, I launch'd early into the World; but you, with all the Advantages of high Birth, and a glorious For-

tune; I wish nothing but my Beauty, which indeed, while it lasted, amply supplied the Deficiencies of my Fortune. No Man living ever made a more splendid Figure, than your Lordship has done abroad: No Woman, let her Fortune be what it will (out of *England*) made a genteeler one than my Self. But, my Lord, you travelled to do your Country immortal Honour; I wandered in foreign Countries, because Strangers paid me those Honours I was denied in my own; till tir'd with seeing and being seen, I return'd to my native Home, always pined after, tho' the only one in which I have been treated ill. However, from the strange Vicissitudes of my Fortune, I have at length gleaned this useful and necessary Part of Philosophy: *I have lived in the World long enough to despise it; I have sought for a Friend till I am tired with the Search*, and I find

the

the only *real Comforts we enjoy* are those we make to ourselves, which, if I remember right, my Lord, were in Part the Sentiments you were in, when I had last the Honour to see you; and vain and presumptuous, as any Sort of Comparison between us must be, it has both of infinite Consolation to me, when I roam up and down my little Garden, and frequently, "in my Mind's Eye," behold your Lordship the same Way employ'd, it is then I look down upon the World, and rejoice from my Soul, when I reflect my Way of Thinking in some Degree has a Likeness of your Lordship's.

The ill Treatment I have met with from the World, has taught me Wisdom, but no Hardness of Heart: I am content,—consequently chearful; and I feel so little of the envious Reflections of decay'd Beauty,

ty, I am never so happy, as when I can contribute to the Mirth and Pleasure of those about me.

In this little State of Tranquility, I move; but, as Life would soon become tiresome had we no end to pursue, mine is bent on the Preservation and Happiness of an only Sister and her little Family, of whom I am the sole Support and Dependence. Part of these is one Daughter, now about the Age of Fifteen; and, in the Pains I have taken with her Education, will be best described my Sentiments of the *true Duty of a Woman.*

My Lord, I have taught them to love and fear God as the first Principle, on which her every other Happiness depends; for the modish Ways of teaching young Ladies this first of Duties, I look upon as one of the most shocking Neglects in their Edu-

Education; and so little is this essential Part regarded, if you ask, of what Religion a fine Lady is, she is scarce able to give you a rational Answer: Indeed if you proceed farther, and touch upon the Rules and Tenets of it, you find them, *for the most Part*, totally ignorant; and I must confess in either Sex, where they have not *real Religion*, by which, my Lord, I don't mean any particular Cult, but the true Love and Fear of God, there can be no other moral Virtue; for I can very soon bring myself to conceive, what that Man or Woman's Actions must be, who have no Dependence upon future Reward or Punishment.

My Lord, I have most carefully examined, what the Word VIRTUE means, to prevent this Child's running away with an Idea, that the whole is compriz'd in Chastity; for

I hold that to be only a Concomitant, and my Way of explaining it to her, is, that it is necessary a Woman should have every other moral Virtue to accompany that; and in order to attain to this Pitch of Perfection, I would have her general Behaviour modest without Constraint, affable without Boldness, reserved without Prudery, and gay without Levity; and, by shewing her the Advantages of Temperance and Patience, I hope to make them her Choice. I shall endeavour too, to teach her Humility, but without Meanness; for I would give her such a Consciousness of her own Worth, as may tend to her Preservation. I will also endeavour to give her an Idea of Charity, not as it is commonly understood, but according to the true, genuine Sense and Meaning of it; and I look upon one Essential of that Charity, we are recommended to practice for one another

another, to be an utter Detestation for Detraction. Truth, my Lord, I recommended as a Fundamental never to be varied from, and the strictest Watch over her Passions; for tho' no human Creature is able to attain a total Government of them; yet, closely guarded, they may be kept in such Subjection, as to give us the proper Mastery of them; and, in that Case, how many Evils do we avoid? By remembering her of the ridiculous Figure she frequently observes talking Women make, she will find the Necessity of a competent Share of Taciturnity; and that she may be sure to keep her own Secrets, I have taught her to think it dishonest to betray other People's.

I remember an Observation of *Montaigne*, who was so scrupulously careful of the Education of an only Daughter, when his Wife died,

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he took a Governess into the House for her Instruction; and being one Day in Hearing, when the young Lady was reading, she came to the Word, which in *English* signifies a Beech-Tree, but in *French* bears a *double Entendre*. The Governess reproved her for not going over that Word, with, *Oh fie, Miss, you should have gone over that naughty Word; you must never say it again.*

Montaigne's Reflections were upon this Circumstance, that these Sort of foolish Cautions rais'd a Curiosity in young Girls Minds, that was frequently fatal to them; and I am convinced he is right; for to teach young Girls *Prudery*, I verily believe may be as pernicious to them as *Libertinism*. They learn from that to mask and conceal their Passions, but never to conquer them; and they lay smothered only as

Fire

Fire pent up for want of Air, which, if ever they give a Vent to, spreads to their Destruction. Therefore, my Lord, am I very careful how I talk mysteriously before this Child; and whenever I mention any thing to her that concerns her Behaviour towards the Sex, I never talk of them as Scarecrows; but endeavour to inculcate, how far they may, conducted by her own Prudence, be instrumental to her Happiness, and, without that special Care of herself, to her Misery.

She is a beautiful Girl, yet, in my Life, I never told her, that Beauty had, or ought to have, one single Grain of Merit essential to her Well-being; on the contrary, that there is no other Way to make herself happy, but by endeavouring to cultivate those lasting Accomplishments of which Men never tire,—a well-taught, honest Mind.

She has great Sharpness of Wit and Vivacity. This, my Lord, I keep under the severest Constraint, by perpetually exposing to her View Pictures of Ridicule, in the Characters of witty Wives; which, begging their Pardons, I must confess I think one of the greatest Curses an honest Man can be tormented with. In short, I have an utter Abhorrence for Wit at any Rate, unless, as in your Lordship, it is in a sensible, good-natured Man's keeping; but in a Wife it is productive of many Ills. The first Thing one of these witty ones generally finds out is, that her Husband is a Fool; and can there be a more dangerous Situation in Nature for a Woman? They may flatter themselves, I wish an Opinion of the Figure they make in that Light; but, my Lord, I do insist upon it, the only one they can ever shine in, is that which bor-

row

now it's Lustre from their Husbands. But to return to my Niece.

To prevent it ever creeping into her Thoughts, that any Woman can be a Goddess, I take Care her Reading shall be suited to the Lectures I give. I am not, nor in my Life ever was, possessed of a Novel or Romance. She has *Telemaque* to read for the Improvement of her *French*, Dr. *Tillotson* for her *English*, and both I hope for her moral Instruction. *La Bruyere* I lay near her, by Way of Looking-glass; and now and then, instead of telling her what I mean, set her to translate some of the useful Places. How my Endeavours may succeed, Heaven only knows; but these are the best Methods I can suggest to train up a Girl, by which she can ever learn what is *truly the Duty of a Woman*; and, if she lives to that

Estate,

Estate, this Ground-work I hope will produce Condescention, Affability, Temperance, Prudence, Charity, Chastity and Wisdom, out of which Materials, if she does not make the Man happy who falls to her Lot, I am afraid it will be his own Fault.

Your Lordship is as good a Judge as any Man breathing what we ought to be. I beseech you tell me, if you think my System a good one. If my Girl lives 'till she is Twenty, I shall recommend to her Perusal that celebrated Performance of your Lordship's, *the whole Duty of Man*; *but at present the Morality it teaches, I think is Matter for older Heads than her's. Indeed, having the Honour to be pretty well acquainted with your Lordship, I am surprized when I read it, and unless I had had it from your own Mouth that you were the Author of that pious Book,*

Book, could never have believed your Lucubrations could have turned upon a System of Religion and Self-denial, so full of Austerity and Mortification.

Your Lordship will I hope pardon my mentioning your being the *Author of that inestimable Piece*, as you enjoined me to no sort of Secresy; but I don't know where to produce an Instance, that does so much Honour to my own Opinion, *that there is nothing we are so often mistaken in as Appearances.* When one sees your Lordship with a half-downcast Look, twirling your Thumbs, I must confess my Self one of those Heretics, who heretofore suspected your stifled Thoughts were much more governed by the Flesh than the Spirit. Methinks I now see your Lordship, in the very Position I have this Moment described, turning your Thumbs one over

over the other, and that your Thoughts are, *Why, what an odd Sort of a Devil this is? there is no knowing what to make of her.* And in fine, that you are as much surpriz'd at a Sheet of moral Reasoning from me, as I can be when I turn over the WHOLE DUTY OF MAN, and recollect LORD CHESTERFIELD to be the Author.

My Lord, give me Leave to tell you, you have drawn this upon yourself: I told you my Intention was to have done Writing; and that if the World would forgive me the Trespass I had made upon their Patience, I would do so no more; your Lordship said, *No, positively no,* that *I must still write again,* and gave me for a Subject the first which came into your Head, *i. e. The whole Duty of Woman*; and, to convince your Lordship I thoroughly understand what that means in

in your Sense of it, I look upon *Obedience* to be a principal Part, in Consequence of which, I have wrote your Lordship what I conceive the Duty of a Woman to be; and the only certain Means by which they can attain (at least) such a Part of it comes within my Comprehension. I am however sensible, there may be great Amendments made, and that several necessary Hints may be given, towards the rendering my System compleat. I am quite conscious I fail; but in what Part, I must submit to abler Heads.

Now, my Lord, I don't at all doubt but this will draw the Sneers of the Smarts upon me, about which I declare myself absolutely unconcern'd. I have already mention'd the Impossibility, which I know I labour against, were I to attempt any Justification of my own Character; for Prejudice was, and Passion

ſion is, too mighty againſt me, for the Voice of Truth and Reaſon to be heard; and I know alſo, any String that is touch'd upon, to ſound my Praiſes, would be Diſcord to the Ears of a prejudiced World, whoſe Food is Calumny. There are the great Vulgar as well as the ſmall; and I don't know that either of them overflow with the *Milk of human Kindneſs.*

Fame, as a Writer, I am in ſo little Concern for, it is a Thing that never entered my Head: Therefore Criticiſms can no Way gall me; and Witticiſms I can never fear, while your Lordſhip is pleaſed to condeſcend to be my Protector. The World has always been at War with me, under Pretence of my leading a blameable Life: I with them, for the Reaſons I have given; and alſo, that there are but few of my Enemies who do not apparently

practice

practice themſelves the Vices they pretend to diſapprove in me; but by the Aid of Fortune, or ſome other Aid, they eſcape Scandal, or, which is the ſame Thing, are above it. But I believe there is ſcarce to be found a Condition like mine. I was villified by the World before I told what Motives my Actions had been governed by, and was condemned by all, to whom I related ever ſo ſmall a Part of my Story, that, if it was true, I did not tell it to the Public in my own Juſtification: I am now torn to Pieces and abuſed, for having told Truths that make ſo much againſt my Enemies. Therefore, my Lord, quite careleſs who are the Laughers or Frowners, I ſhall henceforward proceed, endeavouring as far as I am able to do well; and am under no Sort of Concern for, or Expectation of, the good Word of the Evil-minded, or the Approbation

of the Malevolent and Envious; neither will I ever endeavour to hit any Man a Box on the Ear, who has not first trod upon my Foot.

My Lord, from this careless Resolution I have taken up, I hope you will not imagine I am setting the World at Defiance; quite otherwise: From the Privileges I have taken myself (inconsiderable as I am) I know every Reader is superior to a Writer; and that they are all vested with the natural Power of applauding or blaming as they are inclined. But I have been informed by my Father, (than whom no Man had in his Time greater Experience, having, even from his Childhood, been a Soldier) that *frequent Engagements make a Man enter upon Action with great Unconcern.* Therefore, as during my whole Life, I have been accustom'd to the Mal-treatment of the World, whether

whether deſervedly or no, their Wit will loſe it's Edge on me. It is not Mrs. *Phillips*, who by Writing incurs their Diſpleaſure; it is her having ſhewn how far they have been acceſſary to her Diſtreſſes: Therefore will ſhe ſit down Content, let them cenſure, or approve; ever reſolved to offend them as little as ſhe can.

The Performance I have lately made public, I do aſſure your Lordſhip, I never intended ſhould have ſeen the Light, till I was laid in the Grave; and quite indifferent of the Succeſs it would have then met with, I only meant to convince my own Family I had not been ſo much to blame as they imagined,—and the World in general, that there was nothing ſo little to be depended upon as *common Fame*. But my Misfortunes have obliged me to do that for Subſiſtence, I never de-

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signed to make any other Use of than in my own Justification: And I must confess I am now well pleased it has happened so; since I see how *hard it is to convince a prejudiced World of Truths, even tho' they are told of living People, who have it in their Power, if injured, to set their Wrongs in a true Light*: And, had I been breathless, I make no doubt but Mrs. *Phillips*'s *Apology* would have been read in the Character of a Romance, as much as *Tom Jones*, or any other Novel. —But it is, under all it's Disadvantages, now gone forth; and tho' as a great Lord told me, *What tho' it be true he would deny it and should be believed before me*, yet, my Lord, as those I have accused still live, if I have done them Wrong, they would do well to justify themselves, while I live; for if they delay till I am in the Grave, it will be then too late. The Moment my Eyes

are

are closed the Facts asserted in my Books become immortal, even tho' deny'd by the noble Lord I hint at, his Cousin, *&c. &c.*

My Lord, as to Diction, Stile, Language, Flowers of Rhetoric, or any one Art necessary to a Writer, I know I am totally ignorant of them; and Truth, plain Truth, in it's native simple Dress, is all I depend on. The Heroes of my History have forced me into a Method to get my Bread, I confess myself quite unqualified for; but, as the Variety of their Actions have furnished me with inexhaustible Matter, while I can scratch upon Paper, I will if possible not sit down without a Dinner:— Tho' I believe, when I have compiled the *Promised Sequel* to a History*, part of which I have already related, your Lordship will be of Opinion, *that Man had better have*

* The History of TARTUFE.

have contented himself with seven Dishes to have given me two, than have feasted upon nine with this Sequel *for his Desert.*

It remains now that I beg your Lordship's Pardon, for taking up so much of your Time upon Matters which I am quite conscious can afford you so little Entertainment. When your Lordship put it in my Head to write this, and gave me Leave to dedicate it to you, I very well knew what was your kind Intention: But if you will do me the Honour to reflect how flattering the Occasion is, which puts it in my Power to open my Heart to your Lordship, you will excuse every Crudity it contains. I can, with sincere Truth, aver, had Heaven blessed me with Talents capable of composing the most perfect Piece, it should be at your Lordship's Feet I would lay it; and I can further add,

add, with the greateſt Truth, that, to what Fate ſoever I am reſerved, while I have Exiſtence, even Time itſelf ſhall never diminiſh an Atom of the profound Reſpect, with which I ſhall always be,

My Lord,

Your [illegible] most [illegible] humble
Serv.t J. C. Milma
April 5. 1750